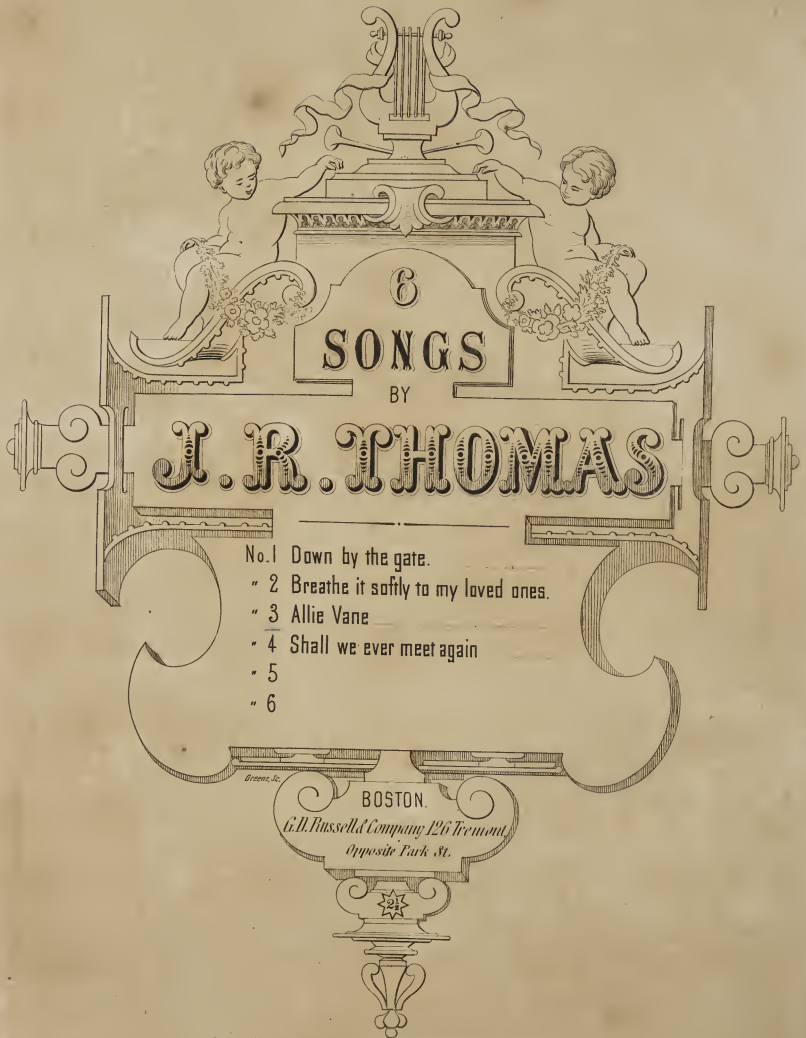

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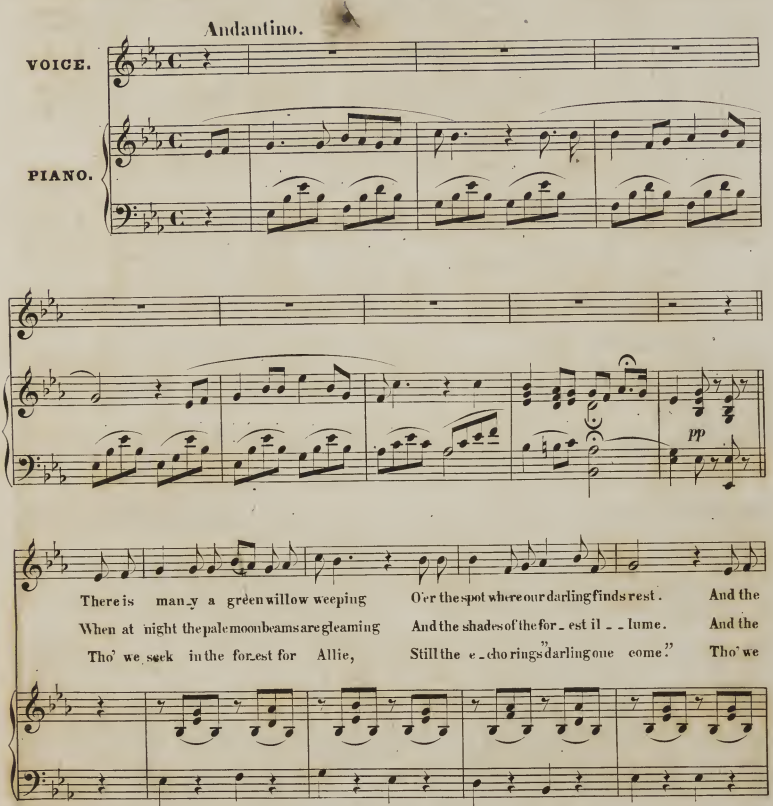
ALLIE VANE.

Words by H. DEXTER SMITH Jr. *Music by J. R. THOMAS.*


Andantino.
VOICE.
PIANO.
pp
There is many a green willow weeping
When at night the pale moonbeams are gleaming
Tho' we seek in the forest for Allie,
O'er the spot where our darling finds rest.
And the shades of the for_est il_lume.
Still the e_cho rings "darling one come."
And the
Tho' we

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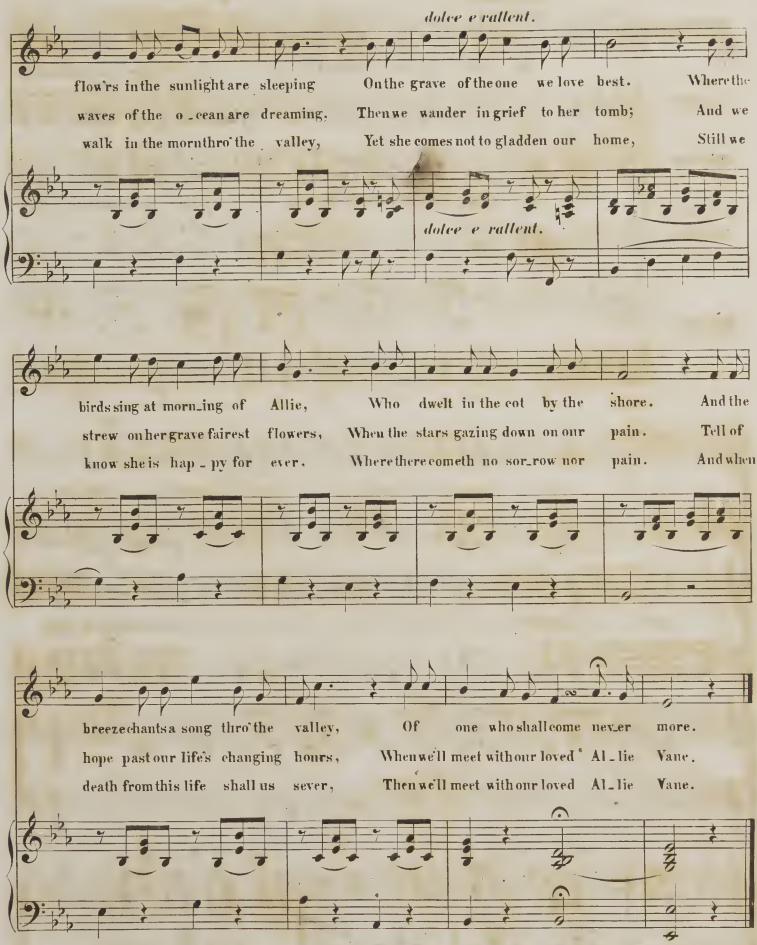
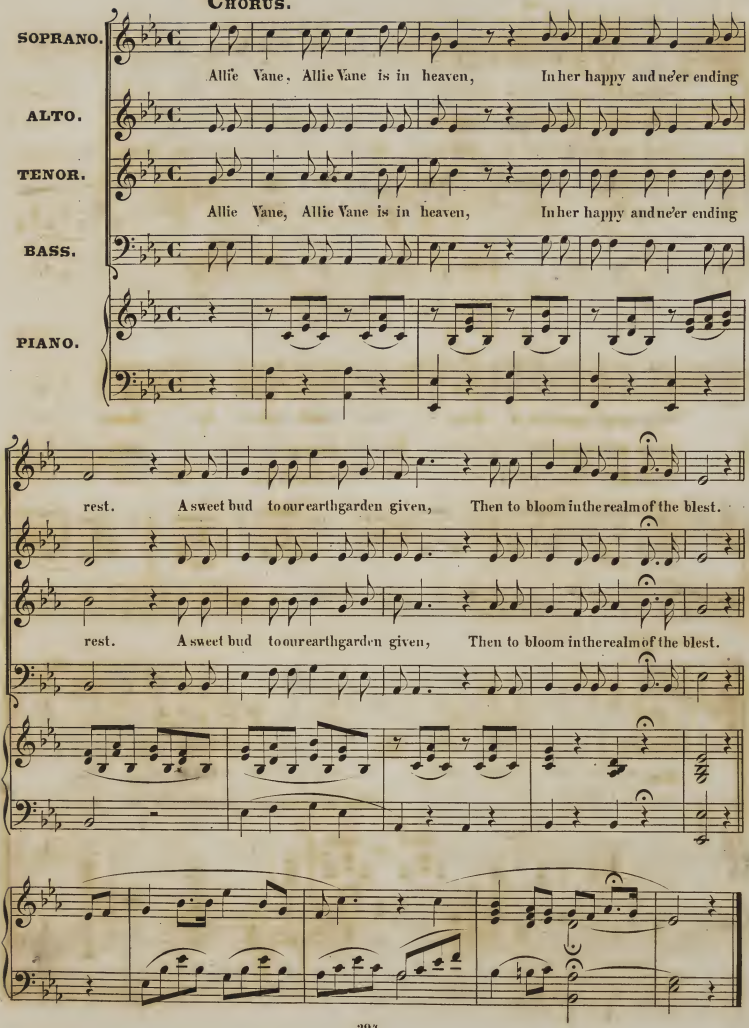

dolce e rallent.
flow'rs in the sunlight are sleeping On the grave of the one we love best. Where the
waves of the o_cean are dreaming. Then we wander in grief to her tomb; And we
walk in the morn thro' the valley, Yet she comes not to gladden our home, Still we
dolce e rallent.
birds sing at morn_ing of Allie, Who dwelt in the cot by the shore. And the
strew on her grave fairest flowers, When the stars gazing down on our pain. Tell of
know she is hap_py for ever. Where there cometh no sor_row nor pain. And when
breeze chants a song thro' the valley, Of one who shall come nev_er more.
hope past our life's changing hours, When we'll meet with our loved Al_lie Vane.
death from this life shall us sever, Then we'll meet with our loved Al_lie Vane.


CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
Allie Vane, Allie Vane is in heaven, In her happy and ne'er ending
ALTO.
TENOR.
Allie Vane, Allie Vane is in heaven, In her happy and ne'er ending
BASS.
PIANO.
rest. A sweet bud to our earth garden given, Then to bloom in the realm of the blest.
rest. A sweet bud to our earth garden given, Then to bloom in the realm of the blest.